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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HEART-STRINGS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

'Twas the zephyr's touch that stilly strayed
Among the cords of youthful life;
So sweetly soft their fingers played
Æolian airs, "Love's free from strife."
It so gently breathed the sunbeam's song
That mingled in the breath of flowers,
The purple hills in glory strong
Seemed stronger for its free-gift powers.

But a twang was heard—the broken string
Lay flatless, whence no echo came;
But memory holds the Sundered thing
In sacred hush—Love's hidden name.
But how finely, finely yet are strung
The wires on which emotion moves,
When dewy leaves of blossoms flung
Such whispered music through the groves.

And the rainbow's gleam upon the sky
But tinged the spell of future bliss,
When two hearts heaved one kindred sigh,
And Heaven's glad seal its sanction is;
And the double string sends forth its strains,
As though ten thousand threads it owned,
And all the wealth that time maintains
Was in their love-lit pathway strewn.

Was there ever heart that dreamed of joy
So thrilling in an infant's cry?—
The melting tones new life-strings try,
And cheerful hymns ascend on high.
But the little, laughing eyes grow dim
Beneath the crushing hand of death,
And trembling heart-strings sing to Him,
Through sobs of woe, who tunes their faith.

ELINGTON, N. Y., March 7, 1880.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO
DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR:—Your question of last evening I could have answered as well then as now, so far as I am able to answer it at all.

Question.—Is man a fallen being?

Answer.—Not in the sense in which it has been heretofore held, by any means. Man, however, is not as perfect as God, nor can he ever be.

In order that we may to some extent understand the subject, it will be necessary to go back to first principles.

God was good, was perfect. He created man less perfect than himself—less pure, less wise, less good. Now this must be self-evident, because, if man had been created equal in wisdom, goodness and purity to God, (had this been possible,) then there could have been no God. Now, as the consequence of man's being less wise than God, there must have been a degree of ignorance in man; and as the misdirection of good through ignorance produces evil, man must of necessity become evil in proportion to his ignorance. The misdirection of good resulting in greater ignorance, the deterioration of the adult race was the consequence. Now, as moral ignorance must in its nature produce infraction of physical laws, physical malformations would in time be the result. Hence may be accounted for the phrenological discrepancies daily occurring, and which clearly indicate difference in infants, who are thus made to suffer the penalty of infraction of physical laws on the part of parents.

Now you will perceive that although when man came first from the hands of his Creator, the amount of ignorance, and of course of evil connected with the race, was small comparatively—yet, through a series of ages, that misdirection was increased, until self became his only God—murder, theft, rapine and debauchery, the only result of his life. Now, this condition must of necessity have continued to increase, had it not been for the efforts of progress made by reformers in various ages, which

stayed to some extent the tide of evil sweeping over the world. That the race, as a race, is to a certain extent less pure than they were originally is true—but that they now are much better than they were in the days of Judaism is also true. These facts may be clearly demonstrated.

All moral impurity is productive of physical disease, and, of course, premature decay and death. Now, the lives of men are of shorter duration than they were in the first ages; but a comparison of the moral condition of the present race in Christendom, will clearly show that they are better men than David and his associates. Now, the question occurs, how do the actions of reformers stay the tide of evil? Simply by removing the ignorance by which men are surrounded, and teaching truth and wisdom, by which evil is of necessity removed, and man instructed to use the mercies and good of heaven as they were intended to be used. It follows, then, that when wisdom directs man's actions, evil cannot exist; and as all progress implies increased wisdom, all progress implies increased good, and, of course, redemption from the fall understood as defined—the fall, as understood by religionists, being in reality merely an unmeaning jargon of senseless phrases, alike destitute of reason and common sense;—as God wanted to know if man would be obedient, and in order to try him, set up an apple-tree, and told him not to eat of its fruit; and then a snake, being opposed to God, persuaded the woman to do that which God, (by their own showing,) knew he would do before he made the trial. Is not this the veriest trash?

Now to be serious. I am persuaded that the exposition which I have given of the fall, although imperfect from the fact that few Spirits understand things which took place so long before their existence, is nearer the truth than any you have on the subject. There may some good result from this view: as man may, by observation of his nature and condition, learn the necessity of rejecting ignorance as the cause, not only of his own evils but also of those by which he finds himself surrounded.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., Feb. 25, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

HOW TO TREAT INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.

LUNG FEVER, OR PNEUMONIA, BRAIN FEVER AND PLEURISY.

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

[CONTINUED.]

LUNG FEVER, or pneumonia, is caused by the circulation of the blood to the extremities being retarded; therefore the tepid half-bath should be used, with much rubbing downward, the same as for inflammation of the bowels. After each bath, let the patient sweat moderately. To still further accelerate the circulation, and induce sweating, rub between the shoulders, each side of the spine, so as to produce redness; give warm tea of some kind, (hop tea is as good as any,) and put baked or roasted onions on the breast and throat, while warm, they being well mashed. Repeat the baths and rubbing; also the onions should be changed as the condition of the patient seems to demand.

If the patient is too positive, let a negative person magnetize him; but if too negative, let some one magnetize him who is more positive than negative.

Move the bowels with warm water injections. A little castor-oil will do no harm, and may help the lungs, as it must pass directly through them after it gets into the blood.

For the treatment of the brain fever, I will tell how an extreme case was treated, though in common cases the warm head-bath, followed by the dripping sheet, (not the wet sheet pack,) or the tepid half-bath, is sufficient.

Wincent Priessnitz, the German who discovered how to treat all diseases successfully with water, and who was more successful in restoring the suffering ones of earth to health than any other doctor that ever lived on earth, was called upon to try to cure a man of brain-fever, who appeared to be beyond all hope of recovering. He had the patient put in the tepid half-bath, while two men held him up in a sitting posture, and rubbed him downward with wet hands, who were relieved by two other men, when they became tired; thus four men were detailed to relieve each other, two at a time; and when they had labored three hours, one of them went to Priessnitz, saying, "He is no better," and was answered by Priessnitz, saying, "Keep to work till he is better, or dead." They did so, and at the expiration of nine hours, he began to appear better, and finally got well.

Thus we see what perseverance in common-sense treatment has done, when all other means failed. Priessnitz knew that was the only way to cure him; therefore he said, "Keep to work, till he is better or dead."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

DURATION OF LIFE.—Dr. Wildbrand, Professor of Medicine at the University of Giessen, has recently published "Studies on the Duration of Life." He affirms that in Prussia, as in other countries where this question has been investigated, it has been found that a considerable number of Jews reach a most advanced

age. He attributes this result to their being chiefly engaged in commercial pursuits in preference to manual labor, and also to the temperate life they lead, to the small number of illegitimate births, to the charitable care which is taken of the poor, and to the affectionate regard displayed by children toward their parents.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

BY CHARLES KELSEY, M. D.

I REMEMBER reading, when a boy, the story of a man who was so perfectly constituted as never to know fatigue. With mind and body in perfect harmony, he was always fresh and always at the highest point of physical health. Exertion never tired and loss of sleep never exhausted him. And though the conception was marred in the end by endowing him with all sorts of impossible mesmeric power, it was a very charming one; for it is true, that a healthy mind in a healthy body form a mechanism of wonderful power, if, also, of wonderful delicacy.

Unfortunately, however, nature has placed certain restrictions upon all of us, and sooner or later we have to resign ourselves to the inevitable. About one-third of the most active life has to be given up to sleep, and a certain proportion of the remainder to eating. Allowing for these, a man may work the rest of the time; but let him try and abridge either of them, and the result is a foregone conclusion.

Physicians are beginning to recognize a certain class of nervous affections under the title of diseases of modern life; and there is a class which belongs particularly to American life—~~due, perhaps, to our peculiar way of life~~—our hurry and worry and fierce haste for wealth, and the advantages which wealth gives—for we are not a contented people, and we do not take life easily. We live under a high pressure, and the pressure shows itself in many ways.

Account for it as we may—and this seems the most rational explanation—there are certain forms of nervous trouble which an American practitioner meets often, and which are scarcely known on the other side of the water. They differ much in different cases, and yet all may be traced to a common cause. For as the nervous system permeates the whole body, and controls every muscle, vessel, and organ, with every function of each organ, the first notice given of its loss of power or failure to act may be anywhere along the whole circuit.

Perhaps the most common example of this class of disorders is the well-known neuralgic attack which comes when one is tired. It is comparatively a trivial thing, and it passes away after a night's sleep; but it often defies medical skill. One man, after a prolonged nervous strain, begins to suffer with more or less constant headache; another with disordered digestion; a third with his heart, and a fourth with inability to sleep. If he recognizes the meaning of these signs, and begins to take care of himself in time, these things pass away; but if he does not, there follows a train of much more serious affections—complete nervous prostration, loss of memory, insanity, and paralysis.

Nature is exceedingly tender of us in these

troubles, and the warnings are always ample and oft-repeated; but they are often not understood, or disregarded, and the final collapse may come with startling abruptness to the sufferer.

I have one case in mind now as I write. A man in the prime of life, whose body had always answered cheerfully to every demand of his active mind, was smitten down while at his desk in full tide of business. As he expressed it, he "felt as though the heavens and earth had suddenly come together, and he was between them." He was carried to his home in the country, and has no recollection of anything for a month after; only he knows he travelled around the country a good deal, and was occasionally brought back again. After he had in a measure recovered himself, he innocently described to me his "sudden attack," and the suddenness was the thing he could least understand. For months previous he had been living irregularly, smoking to excess, sleeping when convenient, and eating when he had nothing else to do; and for weeks he had had an almost constant headache, had been unable to digest his food, and had suffered greatly from sleeplessness. But he "didn't suppose that meant anything in particular."—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

TETANUS, OR LOCKJAW.

SCARCELY a week passes that there is not a report, in the newspapers, of some one who has died of tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, brought on by some sharp instrument being stuck into the body; usually a nail in the foot. Usually such wounds will prove harmless if the following liniment be properly applied: 2 oz. alcohol; 2 oz. oil of origanum; 1-2 oz. tincture of camphor. I was once called to see a boy twenty-four hours after he had stuck a rusty nail in his foot. He appeared to be in intense agony, and the foot was considerably swollen. I opened the wound so that serum flowed a little from it, but not more than two or three drops of blood. I wet the wound with the liniment, and then folded a piece of soft cotton cloth, eight-ply, and thoroughly saturated it with the liniment, and bound it on the wound, giving instructions to renew the application every two hours till relief be given. In six hours I called to see the boy, and he was out in the yard playing, and suffered no more from the wound.

The liniment is good for any fresh wound on man or beast, and every family ought to keep a bottle of it. I do not affirm that in every case it will prevent lockjaw; but I do believe that, if properly used, lockjaw would seldom occur. In an experience of many years I have not known of a case where the liniment was used. The liniment ought to be used till a cure is effected.—*Boise City Republican, Idaho*.

BLEEDING PILES.—William Forester, Dundee, N. Y., writes: I find mullein leaves an excellent remedy for bleeding piles, to be used closely on going to bed, and remain till morning. Some have been entirely cured by them.

TRIFLING precautions will prevent great mischiefs; so a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

RECOGNIZING the earth's immediate surface and atmospheric strata as the later and earlier currental systems that make up our world, the author assumes that in building up corresponding systems within their interforms, they build them up as their own internal organs from their own ex-nutrient or frutal germs—priorly assimilated from their parent strata—below and above their altitude within the earth-sphere, to which they are ex-nutrient; thence assumes that the currental systems that constitute these interforms, in building up corresponding systems of circulation as the coats of their vessels from germs ex-nutrient to their respective fluids—priorly assimilated as nutrient germs from parent systems below and above their altitude, build them up as *their* immediate internal organs; the latter systems in turn building up like systems as the coats of their vessels from their ex-nutrient germs; so on to the innermost; all of which germs are molded *in transitu* through these consecutively later parent systems.

The fact that the veins and arteries are each attended by a nerve and a lymphatic, is accepted as proof that the former are the common offspring of the latter.

The author's assumption that the essence or spirit of substance is purely empyreal, is fully corroborated by the fact that the sun's empyreal rays are the sole nutriment of a chick *in ovo*. So the assumption that the embodiments of elemental spherules are their nuclei, is corroborated by the fact that the planets, or spherulic nuclei within the solar sphere, are its objective embodiment. So the assumption that substance on the nuclear, or physical plane, is immature compared with atmospheric substance, is corroborated by the fact that water, which is on the nuclear or ovum plane, may be matured up to the atmospheric plane by the infusion of external electricity, which increases its volume three thousand fold. The wherefore of their equal permanency as atmospheric gases, consists in the complete reversion of the spherical position of the elements involved. As water, oxygen is nuclear, and hydrogen super-nuclear or insulatory; but being more expansive in the degree it is more dense, the spirit or internal electricity of the oxygen spherules expands above, and becomes super-nuclear or insulatory; that of the hydrogen spherules becoming nuclear; the electricity infused as outgrowth becoming organic or internally dynamic—erroneously termed "static."

As additional proof that the spirit or essence of substance is empyreal, and its elasticity homogeneous and repellent under like spacial conditions, but heterogeneous and attractive under unlike spacial conditions, we need only introduce a piece of platinum sponge, the densest metal known, into these atmospheric gases. Instantly the sponge attains white heat from the rapid combination of its plus condensed (immature) or negative electricity with the plus

expanded (plus mature) or positive electricity of these super-aerial gases.

The fact that all elements are relatively expansive in the degree they are condensed, and condensive in the degree they are expanded, (or, in other words, a reversion of their spacial conditions and spherical positions, reverses their motive tendencies,) is accepted by Story as irrefutable evidence that difference in quality is due to difference in density or in specific gravity. That is, on the ovum or physical plane, denser elements are insulated by rarer elements; but when these compound spherules are matured up to the atmospheric plane by the in-birth of more and more dynamic electricity, the whilom innermost and most condensed becomes the insulator, and the whilom outermost or most expanded becomes the insulatee. But for this reversion of spacial condition and spherical position, there could be no such thing as strata of different compounds, or living organism with systems of different circulating fluids, or *life or light in any form*.

Accepting this fundamental law of discrete formation, and also that of outgrowth through ingrowth—primordially the ingrowth of like spheres between the prime nucleus and primordial atmosphere of infinite being, constituted of their minus and plus motile ascending and descending essences—relatively female and male;—and the ingrowth of elements and interforms between the nuclei and atmospheres of their infinitude of spherulic offspring, down to those of our world between the earth and its atmosphere, down to the frutal essences of the female and male of the human species, molded into these counter-spherulic conditions within their respective internal and external generative organs, the author assumes that when the latter essences are organically conjoined as the human soul, they are infinite *per se*. Hence, as an epitome of infinite being, they inherit the potencies necessary to outgrow, *in their organic capacity*, through every sphere and plane of sentience within which they have been *segregately* molded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"LITTLE HELEN."

No. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHIL'A., PA.

BROTHER DENSMORE:—A short time since, in presence of Miss H. Lane, one of our most excellent Mediums, I was informed by Little Helen that I was to be the recipient of two or three or several messages *together*, furnished in writing by the then present Medium. The instruction was, that the Medium should sit the same afternoon, or the next, as might best suit her condition, which she did, when the following, which I recognized for me, was duly received and indited by her. It was designed for publication in the "Angel-Voice," I feel assured, though at this moment I am not conscious of special instructions in that respect. The allusion

to the "little paper," in Helen's message, would indicate her sense upon the subject; and therefore I send it, with the other two, for publication, without any hesitation.

In reference to the message of Little Helen, I thank her for the great love she manifests for me, and not only for me, but for everybody. I am at a loss to know who she means when she says, "I have another grandpa who loves me"; and again, "Grandpa calls me your evening-star." This must mean my father, who, I have learned, has but recently joined my mother in the sphere of her loving experience, and in her association with Helen as guardian and instructor of the Little Spirit. Her grandpa upon the father's side *passed* over two weeks since, but I have no idea that she means him.

Again, she says, "And a nice kind aunt, who teaches me to read, and lots of others." I can realize that this is my Spirit-daughter, who passed into joyous life seven years ago. Thus much for present comment upon Helen's communication.

Then with regard to the message of "prophecy," which was designated as such when promised, I think I have a right to assume that the "From William to J. W." is no other than the Spirit William Fisher, whose communication in the VOICE of Feb. 1st recognized me as under his influence "in assisting a congenial Spirit to perform that work which is necessary for him to do, in order to complete his earthly experience." I can appropriate this in no other direction. Perhaps I may be enlightened upon these matters hereafter; if so, you will hear from me.

Then as to the message purporting to be one of instruction, signed "Thy Mother—to my Son." This, it would seem, from all the incidental circumstances, was intended for me, from my mother; but, I must confess, the style is so different from the many messages received from her, that I am forced into misgivings, very much against my disposition to believe there was any deception practiced. May there not be different characteristics in messages from the same sources, when presented through or by different Mediums?

Allow me to state, in conclusion, that a communication was sent to me from Little Helen, from Baltimore, through the mediumship of Mrs. Powell, of this city, last week, which is, by special instruction or request of Helen, to be published in *Mind and Matter* of this city, this week. So you see, as Tunie has said, that Little Helen "is a very active Spirit."

Yours, &c.,

J. W.

"BEYOND."

"BEYOND we live, where gloom and clouds
Cannot molest the soul immortal;
Our land is perfect day—no night;
For Angels make our home so bright.

"Beyond this life, good hopes are ever answered;
Nothing lovely ever dies;
Not even memory—it faileth never,
But deep in Nature as the blue in azure skies.

"MY GRANDPA WOOD:—How sweet to know you love your little pet! I am not afraid to come back and tell what Spirits are doing for me. I'll be one of your little stars—not fixed, but moving—when work is giving place to doubt.

"I have another grandpa, who loves me, and a nice kind aunt, who teaches me to read, and lots of others. Some tell me how to control when I am weak.

"I hope your little paper will be like my name; I hope it will light each heart, wherever it goes, with the living truth.

"It does all good to see you. Spirits bless all good people. Grandpa calls me your evening-star; for, if all is out, I will shine for your light.
HELEN."

Feb. 19, 1880.

"PROPHECY."

"TIME is fast approaching when strange things will appear in the shape of influences; strange phenomena will appear on your planet, will give width to mind and soul; widen the scope of thought, because new things will throw strange sensations through your world of thought; spirits of advanced conditions are going to visit your planet, and will throw their feelings through earth's people. They will act on earth's laws, so as to bring changes; they will come for investigation, to draw comparisons between earth and other planets." Be ready for their reception; let them see your growth, as they expect to find you in a progressive condition.

"FROM WILLIAM TO J. W.

"INSTRUCTION."

"Oh, I feel happy to find you all so bright in regard to our home. I will say you cannot be disappointed if you do what you have taught. Love ye one another. Do as our old people who lived for truth. Wait always for that silent voice to teach. Go not by the letter, for it dieth; but the soul lives, for it is the living Spirit by which God speaks.

"THY MOTHER—TO MY SON."

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SNAKE LAKE VALLEY, Jan. 6, 1880.

BRO. DENSMORE:—I am compelled once more to acknowledge your kindness in inserting, in your VOICE OF ANGELS for Dec. 15th, 1879, another short communication from Jane Jenkin Hambly, through Miss Shelhamer. Really it does me good to know that my wife watches me and her children and the family wards. But I am very well aware of her sympathy towards all of us, and I know very often when she is round.

When here on earth she had a flower-garden and nursery of in-door plants and flowers,

which I took but very little care of while she was alive and in the physical body; but I find myself at it now, at times, as busy and attentive as if it was herself; and I can find time to do it now, but heretofore I never could find time; I always had plenty of other things to attend to.

Well, my time is very busily employed about the home we made together for our children, and I feel I shan't be very long here. As soon as our youngest can manage the property, to make a living for themselves, I'm ready at any minute's call—in bed, in the field, or on the housetop. I have no accounts to cast up, nor burdens for any one else to carry. I'm to try and carry my own.

I have a few wards or charges that I want to lift along a little, by advice or otherwise, before I go. This world's charity is very cold, and especially for them that are not able to do battle in the ranks of chicanery.

There are certain moral obligations that grow up with theology, that are very necessary to man's every-day life, which, taking the progressive element as a good deal taught, relaxes many of the old crudities observed by the Sunday laws, etc. The transition from one feature to another—from brimstone, hell, to mental reflections—spoils a great many, for a while; and a great many of my direct acquaintances, that stepped out of Orthodoxy, gave too much license and away to "whatever is, is right." I believe fully in the text, but not that if I murder, it is right; not so. Child should have qualified his language in plainer phrases for the multitude. I understood him well in his definitions, but thousands will not and cannot.

The more I see the deformity in human nature, the more I pity the dregs of selfishness and warped intelligence of this generation. But from what is now transpiring in the elements, I suppose we are in a transition state from one dispensation into another, more Spiritual, and, I hope, intellectual, and better.

Affectionately, D. W. HAMBLEY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN

NUMBER FOUR.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

I HAVE sought to describe to you scenes I have witnessed in the inner or Soul-life of individuals, whose moral perceptions were but insufficiently developed, or had been warped and limited in action during their residence in the material form. Let me now attempt to convey to you an idea of a scene I not long since witnessed in connection with a terrible disaster occurring upon the earthly plane.

A terrible conflagration was raging in one of your large cities. Down among the business portions of the place, tenement houses, to be filled with families of human beings, had been erected. They had now grown brown and unsafe with

age, yet were swarming with human beings—a family of children, as well as grown persons, on every floor; and in this place a fire had broken out in the night, and had been raging for an hour before discovered. At last, relief came, but too late to save the lives of all those poor helpless creatures. A number of children, as well as men and women, were burned to a crisp in that holocaust of flame.

Attracted to the scene by the sufferings and necessities of human beings, hosts of invisible Spirits penetrated the smoke and flame, (which, although having no power to destroy disembodied beings, yet caused a darkness and gloom to appear before them,) and in company with dear Spirits, whose work is ever for the amelioration of suffering and distress, I was privileged to approach with the hope of being of use to those who were passing out from mortal in the midst of fiery flames.

And what a sight was there! Half-developed Spirits, not realizing the grandeur of the triumph of right over wrong, were gathering round, as if to gloat over the sufferings of the stricken ones before us; gathered together by the fascinating attractions emanating from the Spirit of that incendiary who had created this terrible blaze; and it seemed as if they were delighted at the calamity taking place before us. But a noble band of Spirits, drawn together by the ties of sympathy, and attracted to this place by the tender pity in their souls for the suffering, approached, and with them brought such a radiant light, that the evil-disposed influences vanished away.

And then it was we turned our attention to the Spirits struggling out from the flesh, and by gentle magnetic passes released them from the flame and smoke and bore them away to pleasant scenes and blooming places in the Spirit-world, where nothing can destroy.

Three little children it was our good fortune to release from a terrible sense of suffocation and fear—dear little children, whom we bore away to the Summer-Land, and placing them in a bower of blooming roses, we left them in the charge of a kind Mother-Spirit, whose tender love and soothing care would hush all grief and fear which might overtake them when they aroused from the deep magnetic sleep cast upon them by Spirit-power, in order to remove all traces of suffering and anguish from their spirit.

Oh, could you witness from the Spirit side of life the results of such a terrible conflagration as this, you would never rest until your streets were so laid out, your

buildings so constructed, and so remote from each other, that it would be impossible for a fire to spread among them and carry such deadly mischief in its blazing folds.

And yet, in spite of the awful scene of blackening smoke and lurid flames, the presence of evil-disposed influences attracted hither by the destroying elements, the suffering, the misery and despair—in spite of these, the sight of high and exalted intelligences, whose interior life brilliantly illuminated their features, and dispelled the darkness, abashed the evil-disposed, and stimulated the sympathizing efforts of mortals to aid the suffering, was a scene to be witnessed with joy; that above and beyond all sorrow, evil and pain, there is a life peopled with unselfish, holy beings, who glorify their Father by alleviating the pangs of the sorrowful and distressed. And I observed that around those kind souls in mortal, who were working with herculean efforts to save the lives and property of the tenants of these houses, around the noble firemen, the crowd who were putting forth powers and desires to be of use, around those who opened their homes for the destitute and suffering, a golden light shone, and bands of helpful, shining Spirits gathered, aiding with strength and sympathy; and a light shone in the darkness of despair, a star gleamed brilliantly above the light of human sympathy, the star of heavenly love.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER TEN.

IN the January 15th number of the VOICE, it was stated that our next would be ideas of God, and our relations to him, as brought to view through Spiritualism. No subject that lies in all its bearings at the root of all religious beliefs, and vital to these beliefs, could possess the interest this does to that class of thinkers who see the relative and main items that make a religious formula.

Standing on the threshold of this new-born power, with fact after fact appearing to the investigating Spiritualist in the messages of love and intelligence that come across the hitherto dark abyss, death seemed to present to earth-bound mortals, every one affirming that in the new life death ushered the being into, with all its varied scenery, the God that had been pictured to the world, and formed one of its main ideas of the life beyond, and whom the mass surely believed at death personally to meet, had never been found. God the Father, God the Son, and God the

Holy Ghost, in some incomprehensible manner three distinct individuals in one being, and his Satanic Majesty the Devil, formed the conspicuous personages each one expected to encounter in the realm Spiritual.

What great disappointment the opening vision of a new-found life presented! No God, as taught: no devil and hell, as pictured! What, then, could the soul do, only to retrace its steps by a thorough retrospection of its past teachings, and accept the inevitable this new life presented, and commence anew by building on facts as they stood in plain realities? Whence this great mistake? Is not the Bible a revelation from God, and does it not give us plainly to understand that God is a Personality, and that we all should meet him at death? Most assuredly the Bible teaches all this, and gives this conception of God, and attempts to give us also our relation to him. Who says the Bible is a revelation from God to man? By what authority is this affirmation made? Why, it is man's affirmation, is it not? Most assuredly it is. The law given by Moses upon the Mount—given by God—who says so? Why, man says so. All there is in the Bible of a "Thus saith the Lord," comes to us alone and entirely by and through human authority and human testimony; as all we have to confirm us in the belief that God ever spoke to a human being. Certainly, God's autograph is not in existence.

Then, in accepting the Bible, and all that is built upon it, we accept human revelation, with a "Thus saith the Lord" attached to it, and the inference drawn from what is written in the Bible. There can be no mistake about this. We have, then, staring us in the face a social structure from top to bottom—its family relations, its ideas of right and wrong, and this woven into all its laws, its jurisprudence, its institutions, its commerce, and all its paraphernalia—having its basic idea in the revelations from a book called the Bible, as the revealed will of man to man—all human, the whole of it, from beginning to end.

We have at present unmistakable proof of a life after death, and we get intelligence from that state of existence, and that is human authority too; but that is the only means by which we get intelligence here, and learn of things and about things in this mundane existence, or any other existence, and human evidence and human testimony is the only reliable testimony intellectually expressed we have in existence.

If there was an intelligence that communicated to Moses, and gave him the law written on tables of stone, that intelligence

must have been human intelligence; in the nature of things it could have been nothing else. So it must have been in the revelations to Noah, to Abraham, to Samuel, to Isaiah, and all the old Prophets, who were nothing more or less than Spiritual Mediums.

All revelations from the unseen world are simply human. A human being, that begins its existence on this or any other world, is forever a human being. We affirm positively that the intelligence we get from those who have passed from this to a higher state of existence forever obliterates the idea of a God, as it is presented to us in the Bible, and which in its conception forms the basis of the Christian religion; and this base being gone, it has nothing to stand upon, and must fall in pieces.

The idea that God created man in a pure, angelic state, sinless—that sin entered the world as described in Genesis—that God was there completely outwitted at the start, and trying to recover lost ground, drowned the world with the exception of Noah and his family, whom he saved to start again, and then selected a chosen few to serve him, letting the rest go as enemies, without his care and with his curse, and then failing to make what he desired out of this chosen few, left them, and hit upon a plan to save a few, which plan is set forth and is embodied in the Christian religion—all this idea, gathered up from the Bible as a whole, has no more foundation in fact than has the story in Genesis, stating that God created the world in six days, with all therein. All this the revelation of the present age sweeps entirely out of existence, and is preparing to put something else in its place, which something we shall consider more fully in our next.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

POSEYVILLE, Posey Co., Ind., Feb. 29, 1880.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—In your valuable little paper of Feb. 15th, 1880, I find a communication from my brother, John M. Marsh, through the mediumship of C. E. Winans, which was very thankfully received, and which I wish to verify through your paper as being correct. All the loved ones named in the communication were personally known to me in this life, and it does me good to hear from them from the Angel-land. I have received many written messages through C. E. Winans, and return my sincere thanks to him and my Spirit-friends for their kind remembrance of me, and should be pleased to hear from them often.

Thanks to you, Brother Densmore, for the publication of the message; and may God and his angels bless you abundantly!

Fraternally yours,

JONATHAN MARSH.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In your answer to the inquiries of E. Quast, in the VOICE OF ANGELS of March 1st., you made the following remarks.

"Exactly what man was created for or whence he originated we do not pretend to know; neither do we believe there is any one short of Deity who can tell the final destiny of the human race. Hence any human attempt to solve this mooted question is at most merely guess-work."

"Our Orthodox friends declare that man was created to serve God and obey his commandments, but fail to furnish any proof outside of their own conceited assumption."

You also declared in the same connection, in relation to the existence of another and better world, that "you know it does exist without even a peradventure."

I am, too, a Spiritualist, and am honestly seeking for the best evidence of truth, and trust I am free to accept it from any source, even from old theology, if evidence comes through that channel.

When we declare that our Orthodox friends fail to furnish any proof, aside from their own conceited assumption, we make an assertion not only unjust to them, but equally unjust to ourselves as Spiritualists, and subversive of our own Spiritualistic philosophy.

Our Orthodox friends all base their faith on what they honestly believe to be a Divine revelation, and hence a standard of truth from which there is *no appeal*. This to them is much more than "a conceit."

Spiritualists also claim to receive revelations and communications from the Spirit-world, and these revelations are published to the world without note or comment, and all who will may read and judge for themselves of the truth or falsity of the book. Now let us place the Orthodox Bible, full of Spirit-communications and revelations, side by side with all the Spiritualistic literature, and then impartially weigh its evidences of truth, or judge it according to its moral teachings and real worth. Let us examine all that has been received from both sides—the good, the bad, and the indifferent—and we shall find (as I honestly believe) that the Spiritualistic literature will suffer by the comparison.

We know by much experience that the science of Psychology renders much of the reported visions which Mediums claim to have seen of doubtful reality; hence the difficulty of knowing any thing positively on this question.

The disciples of the Christian religion settled every question by what saith the Scriptures, believing this to be the only legitimate and proper way. Now, on what reasonable ground can we say *they* are in error and *we* are in the truth, when the source of their revelation, for all we know, may possibly be higher than ours? In condemning them we condemn ourselves.

Then is it not apparent that one of the most dangerous features and prominent stumbling blocks in the progress and spread of our philosophy is the too many uncalled-for and dogmatic attacks upon the Christian fraternity, and their Bible?

Would it not be far better to show them, by our good example and right living, that our Spiritualism is better than theirs? Then we might possibly win them to cast their lot with us, and they and we become a mutual blessing to each other and the world be finally redeemed from every evil.

What I have written is not in a spirit of fault-finding, but to present what I conceive to be true and in the interest of truth. I am a subscriber to your interesting paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, and therefore feel a degree of liberty in addressing you.

Yours, fraternally,
S. D. WILSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

NOTHING gives us more real pleasure than to listen to the honest criticisms of any one seeking for "light, more light," because it gives us an opportunity to correct anything and everything we may have said or done—which we are ever ready to do—when convinced it is not in harmony with facts. And, as friend Wilson criticizes our remarks in March 1st issue in a fraternal, kindly manner, in our response thereto we shall endeavor to be guided by the same genial, brotherly spirit.

After quoting some of our remarks relative to the origin and destiny of the human soul, he says: "I, too, am a Spiritualist, and honestly seeking for the best evidence of truth, and am free to accept it from any source, even from old theology, if evidence comes through that channel." That has the right ring, friend W., and we heartily accept it as being the only way the truth of anything can be found in its entirety; and we have no doubt that our friend is seeking for the best evidence of truth he can find, and so are we, and thousands of others, seeking for the same, and willing to accept it from any source, whether it comes through old theology or the old "Clowen-foot" himself; if the best evidence of it comes through either or both of those channels. In this we are both agreed. But here comes something of an opposite nature. In referring to our remarks, wherein we stated that theology failed to prove the origin and final destiny of the human soul, he

says: "When we declare that our Orthodox friends fail to furnish any such proof, aside from their own conceited assumptions, we make an assertion not only unjust to them, but equally unjust to ourselves as Spiritualists, and subversive of our Spiritual philosophy." How so, friend W.? Is it doing a man an injustice, when he makes an unqualified assertion upon an important point, to ask him for his proof? On the contrary, would it not be doing our reason and intellect a great injustice to accept it on his mere assumption, without a particle of other proof to sustain it? Then, again, how or in what way such a natural and reasonable request can be subversive of our Spiritual, or any other philosophy, as to that, we are at a loss to perceive.

We will here ask our friend what proof have "our Orthodox friends" ever given, or attempted to give, of the origin and final destiny of the human soul, except their own mere "say-so's"? If they have nothing else to give, are not their assertions downright, barefaced assumptions, in their broadest sense?

To show his unbounded charity for those differing from him in matters of belief, he says: "Our Orthodox friends base all their faith on what they *honestly believe* to be a divine revelation, and hence a standard from which there is *no appeal*." So does the ignorant, uncultured, superstitious Hindoo "honestly believe" that being crushed under the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut is the only sure road to Paradise. Hence, if "sincere belief," backed up with unwavering faith, is the only passport to supernal bliss, then the ignorant Hindoo stands a thousand chances of getting there to one of "our Orthodox friend's," simply because his faith and "honest belief" is a thousand fold greater than that of the latter. The proof is, that while the Hindoo, to carry out his sincerity by his works, will measure his length on the ground, hundreds of miles, on the road to Benares, suffering for food and raiment by the way, for the inestimable privilege of being crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut—and all this the result of his "honest belief" in the saving power of those pagan wheels; on the contrary, it is safe to say that not one of our "Orthodox friends" in all Christendom would measure his length across a narrow street, and allow a light carriage wheel to roll over his body, for his religious belief, if it was ever so sincere.

Hence we repeat, that if "honest belief," backed up with any amount of faith, is the main factor in securing an entrance

into higher realms, then the ignorant, untutored Hindoo is as much above the average Christian of today as heaven is higher than his Satanic Majesty's region.

Only a couple of centuries ago the oldest Orthodox church in the world "honestly believed" that the earth was a flat surface, and stationary, and extended "everywhere," and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it, causing day and night; instead of the earth revolving on its own axis, causing the daily phenomena; and imprisoned the mathematician and philosopher Galileo for life, for daring to question the dogmatic assumptions of the head of the Orthodox Church.

From the above, it will be seen that *any* belief, however "sincere" it may be, amounts to nothing, unless backed up with sound reason and common sense. In the days of Galileo, the doors of the Inquisition stood wide open, ready to close upon any poor wight who had the hardihood and effrontery to question anything said or done by the self-conceited, dogmatic priests and laymen of "old theology." The same spirit that filled the loathsome dungeons of the Inquisition in those days, with innocent men and women, for the most trivial offences, is abroad in this land today; and but for free thought and free institutions, guided by intelligence, the same scenes enacted then would be enacted over again, in this day and generation. Hence we again repeat that, however "sincere our Orthodox friends" may be in what they say or do, unless it is backed up with incontrovertible proof, it amounts to nothing more nor less than downright assumption, all their asseverations to the contrary notwithstanding.

In our friend's fourth paragraph, he says, "If we compare the literature of the Bible side by side with the literature of Spiritualism, the latter will suffer by comparison." Let us see how far facts will sustain his assumption; for that, too, we regret to say, is nothing but assumption, whatever he may think to the contrary. For argument's sake, we will suppose it is *not* assumption, but literally true, that the Bible can make a better showing in its literature than Spiritualism, and that there is a margin in favor of the former. When it is taken into account that modern Spiritualism is but thirty-two years old, and that the Orthodox Bible dates back four or five thousand years, (the Old Testament)—considering the difference in their ages—is there not a thousand times larger margin in favor of the former than the latter?

In speaking of Clairvoyants and Trance-

mediums, and what comes through them, Mr. Wilson says: "We know by much experience that the science of Psychology renders much of the reported visions which Mediums claim to have seen, of doubtful reality; hence the difficulty of knowing anything *positively* on this question." True, friend W., it may be doubtful in many cases, in fact in all cases; yet as Psychology is as old as the human race, how does our friend know but that all the visions reported in the Bible as having been seen by the ancient Seers and Mediums, were not the result of Psychology? or would he have us believe those ladies and gentlemen were proof against that occult power? which?

We are not quite sure that we understand what our critic means by the literature of the Bible, in contradistinction to that of Spiritualism. But if he means by it the downright contradictions seen on almost every page of that remarkable book, we agree with him that the Bible can rightfully carry off the palm. With all due respect and deference to those who differ from us as to the fallibility or infallibility of the book under consideration, or anything else of a secular or religious nature, we are compelled to regard its infallibility as of a very doubtful nature, from the fact that we find it full of contradictions from one end to the other; and hence it has no more claim to the term *holy* or *Divine*, than any other book of less pretensions.

We are aware that it is the easiest thing in the world to make an assertion, but a very different thing to prove it. To back up *our* assumption, we will quote from the Bible itself, not merely for argument's sake, but to show our critic that the Bible *could not* have been written by the direct inspiration of a perfectly pure and All-wise Being. Before showing up its contradictions and inconsistencies, it becomes necessary in the first place to get at its exact origin and compilation, which we will now proceed to do, as well as we can. There are, as everybody knows, or ought to know, in order to study its contents intelligently, thirty-nine books in the Old, and twenty-seven in the New Testament, making in all sixty-six books, accepted by the churches today as the inspired word of the "Living God." Without going into minute details as to interpolations and forgeries in its make-up, (to say nothing of a score, more or less, of books which the Bible itself assures us were entirely lost,) we will, in the first place, look into the history of the New Testament, and see how *it* was produced in its present form.

To begin with, it is proper to say, that no collection of the books composing even the Old Testament existed until about the second century of the Christian era; and the books composing the New Testament were not collected together until over five hundred years after the death of Christ. Prior to this, these books were scattered broadcast all over the then inhabited part of the world, rejected by some of God's vicegerents, (?) and accepted by others. No one claims, so far as our knowledge extends, that a single word of the New Testament was written during the lifetime of the Nazarene, or that he ever wrote a word composing it. Not only this, but it is known that the Christian Church was established a long time, before a line of the doctrines, dogmas and ceremonies, which are now considered its foundation, had been written. Further, it can be proved that the first historical account of the four Gospels now in vogue was nearly two hundred years after the death of the founder of the Christian religion; and then, all the evidence we have of the validity of the four Gospels now in use came from a man by the name of Irenæus, (if memory serves right,) who first introduced them. Hence it will be seen that it was about three hundred and fifty years after the death of Christ, before the contents of the New Testament were put together in book form; and as singular as it may appear, every one of these fifty gospels, more or less, were acknowledged by the early Christians of equal weight and influence with the now sacred four. After a while, the credibility, as to *all* of them being the "sacred word of God" was questioned, and to settle the difficulty it was necessary to find out in some way which was the false and which the true. To do this, the Emperor Constantine convoked the Council of Nice. Over two thousand bishops and priests congregated in that little town, all, or almost all, differing in opinion as to which of the different books were written "by the inspiration of God." There was so much contention and quarrelling among the members of the Council, and their bickerings, eriminations and recriminations ran so high, that to preserve a tithe of respect for the cause they represented, Constantine dismissed all but three hundred of them. With this remnant, the Emperor entertained hopes of determining which, and how many of the three-score Gospels contained the *real* "word."

To ascertain the true from the false, it was proposed by some in the Council to place all the books under a table, when the whole number present should engage

in earnest prayer; and when thus engaged, the proponents of the scheme avowed that the true books, or those written by the direct inspiration of God, would jump upon the top of the table, leaving the false ones underneath. This proposal was scoffed and laughed at by a majority of the Council, and the worthy contention ran as high as ever.

After fighting and wrangling over the MSS. a long time, all but a few were rejected; when the Emperor, taking advantage of a temporary lull in the war of words, affixed his seal of state to the un-rejected ones, declaring at the same time "they were the true words of the living God."

These Gospels passed current for over a century, when another Council was called at Laodicea, to make the selection more complete and perfect. It was agreed among this concourse of saints, (?) to ascertain the true from the false by vote; and with the exception of Revelations, which was excluded at that time, the books of the New Testament, with a few unimportant exceptions, were adopted by the Convention by vote, as we see them today.

Thus we have given the true historical origin and compilation of the Gospels, as handed down the ages from those two Councils. The main, in fact, the only object in giving the above, is to show that the Scriptures, as we see them today, were not written by or through the inspiration of an All-wise and All-knowing Being.

Now that the status of the original Scriptures is settled, we will call the attention of our critical friend to a few of the absolute contradictions contained within its sacred lids, and afterwards from the same volume quote some things, which, notwithstanding his pre-conceived opinions as to its sacredness, he will have to admit, whether it was written through the inspiration of God or not, brands the All-wise a thousand times more unscrupulous in his dealings with his own children than the most depraved, unprincipled vagabond that ever disgraced the name of man;—the consideration of which the length of this article compels us to defer to our next issue.

CELESTIAL CITY.

We have just received a copy of a really gotten up four-page weekly paper, announcing the above significant title as its name; and after perusing its well-filled, well-arranged pages, we have no hesitancy in saying it well merits the sobriquet, "Celestial City." It is printed on nice paper, in large, clear type, and bears every

evidence of superior workmanship. We gladly welcome this new-comer in Spiritualism here on our exchange-list, and cordially extend the fraternal hand to its editor and enterprising publishers, with a sanguine hope that they will meet with that success they so well deserve. Any man or set of men that has the confidence and moral pluck to collect in such an uncertain enterprise in these times, deserves well of public support, and we hope and trust this bright, twinkling star in the galaxy of the Spiritual Movement will meet with success in just accord with its intrinsic merits. It is printed at 377 Fulton street, Room 6, new building, Brooklyn, N. Y., at \$2 per annum; \$1 for six months; single copies, 5 cents. Address as above.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

SPIRIT-GREETING

FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOSEPH SIMMONS.

REMOVED AND REVISED.

Now we come with kindly greeting
For the time once gathered here,
Hoping that at every meeting
We may give you words of cheer.

Oh, no long to scatter gladness
On each heart and troubled way,
But your souls are tuned to sadness,
And you feel to catch our ray.

Of the glory round you shining,
Faint to me are glimmering stars;
Yet your heart once struck answering
Round you garlands fresh and fair.

In those garlands they have woven
Deeds more rare than those of earth;
They are woven with the simple
Only by the same, True Worth.

And they glitter on your forehead,
Shine and sparkle in your hair;
Could your mortal eyes behold them,
You'd not ask for gems more rare.

Oh, remember, sister, brother,
Every kindly word and deed
You've bestowed upon each other,
Is as love of earthly need.

Overcome and truth and honesty,
In this phantom land of ours,
Are forms of grace and beauty,
And we call them Spirit-flowers.

Then we pluck the fragrant blossoms,
Murmured with with heavenly dew,
Press them into wreaths and garlands,
Bring them back again to you.

Then we give each to those you
With our constant care and love,
Lead your following footsteps onward
To our home on bright above.

AKAHEA, CALIFORNIA.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

FOREST-FLOWERS' GREETING.

REMOVED AND REVISED.

From the land of the Redeemer,
Land of sunshine and of flowers,
Singing bird and laughing water,
Where we spend the pleasant hours,
Now we gladly come to greet you—
Dwellers on the shores of time—
Hasten joyfully to meet you
From the happy Spirit-Home.

Once we lived like you in earth-life,
In the tangled depths of wilderness,
In the wigwag of the forest,
In the simple joys of childhood;
Twelve years in the form were given
The Master called away—
Glimmer Glimmer, Spirit-Mighty—
Then no longer would I stay.

Dark it seemed, and warm was crying
As I floated on the tide,
For the Master came swinging
Sweetest me to the other side,
Thus I came to your spiritual,
Just beyond the mortal green bottom
Watched among the forest shadows,
In that glorious upper sphere.

Friends of light, come around now
Friends of warm sunny light—
Sweetest Spirit, often meet me
As I tell the form below—
Oh, how kindly was their welcome
In the heavenly sparkling light,
Sweetest words of love and wisdom,
As they tell me meeting here!

Now the scene did me transport!
And my soul to their bright glow,
Smiling Spirit's sweetest thought,
Full of gentleness and grace;
Now we come again to earth-life,
Singing to you love and joy,
Bringing peace to hearts of sorrow—
Happy in the Spirit-Home;
And we come with words of gladness
For the sorrowing ones that's here,
Hoping to shed their sadness
And to cheer away their fear.

We are coming, often coming
To the longing grounds below;
On the bridge across the waters
Ever hastening to and fro.
We have will, and we are going—
All the world we have to tell;
To the land of light and morning—
Spirits and humans, we bid farewell.

WILKESBORO, WEST VIRGINIA, MARCH 5, 1880.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MARCH 7TH, 1880,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou Divine, Infinite Presence of the universe! We thy children, who inhabit the mortal and the immortal world, would unite in one song of gratitude and praise to Thee for the sacred blessings of this hour. We praise Thee for its associations, for the outpouring of these Spirits in love and adoration, in view of thy inestimable blessings conferred in life.

We thank Thee that they can sing that praise to Thee, and their appreciation of existence in the exalted lines, "Oh, life, beautiful life!" and we ask that they may ever send out this influence for good. We know that we shall meet again in company with the loved departed, upon the Golden Shore; and as we wait by the river of life for the gentle summons, we can span the spirit the narrow stream, and hold communion with loved ones on the other side.

For these blessings we praise Thee, O Father God, and we ask a continuance of thy mercies, that thou wilt ever pour forth the true knowledge of life and immortality upon the yearning souls of humanity; that longing hearts may bloom with the sweet flowers of hope and cheer. Bless the souls thou hast called to spread the tidings of immortal life.

And oh, blest Angels, we ask still your united efforts for the good of waiting souls, and may they ever team with good to dear suffering humanity.

KATE SPENDING

My name is Kate Spending; I come from Portland. I want to send a letter to my aunt, Mary Spending. I want to tell her mother and I are together; we are happy in a good home. Tell her Will is doing very well now; we can come to him and guide him quite nicely; he is coming home some time, and she will see him again. We try and keep him all right. He is going to make a change soon, and then he will get along better. I think she will hear from him by letter very soon, as we have been influencing him to write.

I am going to watch for this message until it comes out in the paper, and then guide it where I want it to go.

Mother and I send our love to aunt Mary, and little Katie, and we will come to them again some time if we can.

I thank you very much.

MOODY STARWOOD

How do you do, friends? Although a stranger to you all, I feel to say, God bless you. I am most happy to be here. If I had my instrument with me, I would give you a serenade; but I give you musical greeting with my heart. I felt this would be a good time to step round and send a word of remembrance to my western friends. Tell them I am not dead by my means; I am not idle; I am connected with my Spiritual surroundings. But as I feel the need that humanity possesses for more light and instruction concerning a future life, my time is principally passed among the denizens of earth, seeking to manifest myself tangibly to mortal senses.

I must introduce myself by name—Moody Starwood, at your service.

[We are glad to meet you, Mr. Starwood.]

Thank you; the feeling is reciprocated. You will confer a favor on me by sending my fraternal and loving greetings to Mr. George Hall of Cincinnati. Tell him and his estimable lady that I am with them every week, that I am experimenting with them, in connection with another Medium, to see how far I shall succeed in manifesting in a material manner. A band of Spirits have been formed for this end. We are encouraged with the work; and I am safe in saying that we shall yet give my good friends grand and startling, as well as satisfactory manifestations of Spirit-power.

I do not confine myself entirely to one Medium, but I experiment with others. I do think, however, save as I manifest through another at the home of my friend, I shall labor principally with Mr. Fletcher;

as I find his organism best adapted to my peculiar mode of operations. I say to my friends, God bless you; you will yet receive an influx of Spirit-power in your home, that will bathe your souls in light. Your Angel loved ones send you greeting.

HENRY CLARKSON

I AM from far away Ontario. I was not a family man; but I have relations and friends, whom I would like to have know I can come back from beyond the grave. I was called Henry Clarkson. I would like to reach George Clarkson, my brother, and tell him we know very little concerning the realities of life, while in the body; we pay too little attention to them; we are but beginners in the school of life here, and we have far to travel before we reach the higher branches of knowledge. Now, George is thinking of coming into the States, of pushing on to New York; and when he does so, I want him to visit some Medium in that city, and let me or Bob come to see him. I am told that a Mrs. Wilson, of New York city, is the Medium for us to control.

I am pretty well off, but I want to reach my friends. If I find my brother does not get this, I will come back immediately and tell you privately where to send it.

CHARLES S. MIDDLEBROOK

I TRUST I am not intruding, sir. [Not at all; we are glad to meet you.] Thank you; I have been here before. I am very glad for the opportunity of coming, and making what I call my annual visit. As the months and the years roll on, I become constantly more satisfied with and gain more instruction concerning the Spiritual life. Were it not for dearly loved ones in the body, I do not know but what I would be tempted to press on still higher and higher towards the secrets of the supernal realms, without looking back to material things; but the love in my soul for dear ones, especially the companion and blessed help-meet of my earthly life, and the interest I take in her most blessed labors for humanity, bring me back again and again, to strive and send out to her the assurance that I am by her side, noting her labors in the good cause, witnessing her struggles for the welfare of down-trodden humanity, and swelling the band of Spirit-workers, who encompass her about like a celestial cloud, and ever uphold her hands and bless her labors. And to her particularly, and other dear ones, also, I send my love, sympathy and blessing.

I am Charles S. Middlebrooke, of Long Hill, Conn. My beloved wife is Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrooke, whose address is

Bridgeport, Conn. I take an interest in the events of the day. Truly the world moves. I rejoice at every movement, even if made by opposing forces; it shows me where we stand. The effort to produce legislation on the medical question in your State is of interest. It awakens attention to the medical faculty; it shows where they are now. Once they needed no protection by law; now they cannot exist without it. Truly the world moves, and humanity is advancing in knowledge; while arbitration and bigotry must sink away into oblivion.

MARY HOWE MARCH 14th, 1880.

MARY HOWE

My name is Mary Howe; I come to try and reach my sister Jane, in Lowell; I want her to know I am happy now. I am glad I died, because I never had strong lungs, and the work was too dusty for them. Tell Jane that mother and father and Johnnie and all send our love to her. We look after her and try to give her strength, so the work will not seem so hard. I want her to know I thank her for all she did for me; I know how many nights she lost her rest attending to me, and I'll never forget it. Tell her the angels watch over and protect her, and they bring her peace and rest; that is why she feels so well in the morning.

There is something coming for Janie in the Fall. I want her to go to the same place in the Summer, where she and I went the last Summer I was here; and she will meet our old friends again, and we'll help her to get what she wanted so much.

CHARLES LAWSON

I AM from Richmond, Va., sir. I am anxious to speak through mortal lips, and see if I can reach certain friends of mine. My name is Charles Lawson. I was in my forty-fifth year when I passed out, as you call it. Only ill a few days. I had no desire to die, as my friends can testify; but I am satisfied now.

I want my friend John Mason to meet me at some Medium's place, and let me come to him. I have much to say to him concerning private affairs, notably that affair with the combination lock. I can tell him now concerning things that puzzled us both at the time; but it would not be wise to do so in public. Tell him, also, I have met Charlie Hill, and would like to bring him along. He went to the other world before I did. He was one of the first to meet me, and speak of the old business, and John Mason.

This is all I have to say here. I do not

think I shall come again here; but if my friends will give me opportunity to come, I shall be glad.

MARY WEYMOUTH.

It would give me great pleasure to say a few words. [You are welcome.] I come to send my love to my son; to tell him his Spirit-guides are with him to bless, encourage and cheer. We all unite in bringing him affection and strength from the heavenly world. Marietta works unceasingly for him. We are bringing him through a course of developement at this time; and I come to tell him, no matter how he may feel, or what comes to him interiorly, not to be disturbed, but to remain tranquil, as the developement will be for his lasting good, and will bring the Angels so close to his side that he will feel the joy of their presence.

No tangled wilds, no reptiles are found in our Spirit-spheres; nothing to annoy or alarm; all is beautiful and serene. And from that blooming land we come, bringing deep rest and peace for the dear one here. He knows his band is by his side, working for humanity. Changes that come are by their direction; for new work is before, and other fields open for them to tread. God bless him! All is well.

MARY WEYMOUTH.

LESTER DAY.

THANK God for the truth of Spirit-communion. It was a lamp to my feet through many a long and wearisome day; it is a blessing to humanity beside which all others pale; for it brings dear ones ever into communion of heart, shows the splendor of heavenly lands, and proves there is no death. I want my friends to know I am well and happy. I am not idle; I have a class in the broad mission school of the Spirit-world, and am endeavoring to teach the darkened minds that come over to our side, clouded with folly and ignorance. I am with dear friends, have met those who went before me, and greeted those who came after.

I am glad I did that act on earth; it showed me in after years what true friendship and appreciation was. I thank and bless every kind soul who aided me in my last weary, painful months. God bless them! They laid up for themselves treasures in heaven, where they shall find them in the time to come. Love to all friends.

LESTER DAY of Buffalo, N. Y.

A FRENCH review of the beet sugar trade says that whatever may be the result of the crop in France, the yield throughout Europe will be equal to that of last year.

BRIEF ITEMS.

THE Children's Progressive Lyceums of New York City and Brooklyn made a pleasant visit to Lyceum No. 2, of Boston, starting from New York, on their Eastern tour, Saturday evening, March 6th, and arriving in Boston Sunday morning. Various interesting exercises took place, during that and several succeeding days, at which addresses were made by various prominent Spiritualists among the visitors and residents of Boston and vicinity. The children, both of the visiting Lyceums and No. 2 of Boston, gave recitations, songs, and instrumental music; and the occasion was one of much enjoyment, and long to be remembered by both children and adults. The visiting delegations presented to Lyceum No. 2 a beautiful blue silk banner and a silk guardian's flag, and to Conductor J. B. Hatch, of No. 2, a conductor's staff. Amory Hall was beautifully decorated by Col. Beals, and floral decorations and singing birds in cages were furnished by ladies of the Lyceum.

Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston recently attended a seance in the library of Mr. Epes Sargent, where with five gas jets lighted, slate-writing and other demonstrations took place, which convinced Mr. Cook and the other persons present that these mysteries were not produced by fraud or collusion in any shape. In company with his family physician and three other persons, he signs a Report, which concludes by saying, "We do not see how the writing can be explained unless matter, in the slate-pencil, was moved without contact."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond met with a grand reception on her arrival in Chicago, Friday evening, March 5th. The church was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers, evergreens and cages of song-birds. An address of welcome was read and responded to, after which the whole company descended to the lecture rooms and parlors, where a banquet was spread over three hundred feet of tables, with every variety of viands, interspersed with flowers and tropical plants. Toasts and speeches concluded the reception.

A majority of the committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, to whom was referred the proposed bill for the Regulation of the Practice of Medicine, have reported inexpedient to legislate on the subject. A minority report, presenting the proposed measure in a much milder shape, was introduced; but even this diluted bigotry will meet with no favor from the General Court.

The Spiritualists of Brooklyn, N. Y., have been favored during the past month on Sunday afternoons and evenings with addresses from Dr. J. M. Peebles and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, alternately at Everett and Phoenix Hall.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed a joint resolution providing for female suffrage.

The *Psychological Review*, which Mr. Nisbet, of Glasgow, has been publishing as a monthly, during the past year, has been discontinued with the March issue for want of support. It was an able publication; probably in its strength lay its weakness.—*R. P. Journal*.

The Spiritualists lately held a convention at West Pawlet, Vermont. The attendance was large, and good feelings were manifested on all sides.

J. Madison Allen delivered twenty-two public addresses at Battle Creek, Mich., in December and February, including two funeral discourses in the Presbyterian Church, also a temperance lecture before the "Red Ribbon" or Reform Club. This month he will be busy in the northern part of the State of Michigan.—*Mind and Matter*.

Dr. Slade has been giving seances in Denver, Colorado, with most satisfactory results, and a reporter of the *Daily News* of that city has had an interview with him of so surprising a nature that he fills a column of the paper with an account of it.—*Banner*.

Relief is going from all quarters to Ireland, and Peter's Pence is going from Ireland to Rome.

Beecher is the most eloquent speaker in the United States—at least he uses the choicest language. He is influenced (being Mediumistic) by a band of Spirits especially delegated to control his Spiritual utterances.

Mrs. Hollis-Billing's farewell soiree took place on February 12th, in London. There was a pleasant company present, consisting largely of the old Spiritualists of London. Speeches were made by several well-known workers, interspersed with singing.

J. Frank Baxter addressed the people of Peabody, Mass., for the fourth time Sunday evening, March 14th, when many could not gain entrance, and large numbers stood during the whole evening.

Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan commenced his series of discourses in Clarendon Hall, New York City, on Sunday, March 14th. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the meeting was a success.

Thomas Lees writes us from Cleveland, O.: "Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan is meeting with such success in San Francisco, Cal., that she will prolong her engagement there for two months, postponing her appearance here until June, when she will be with us the entire month."—*Banner*.

We regret to learn that Mr. Moses A. Dow, publisher of the *Waverly Magazine*, is seriously ill. Mr. Dow is a firm and devoted Spiritualist, and is not afraid to avow his convictions of the truth of spirit-communion on all proper occasions.—*Banner*.

A new magazine is to be brought out in Sydney, Australia, in support of Spiritualism and cognate subjects. It is to be entitled "*Free Thought*," and will be conducted by Mr. E. Cyril Haviland.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE. THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS. HENRY T. D'L.

OH, MY! Oh, my! You do not know how glad I am really to return to the earth-sphere, and leave that terrible second sphere, where everything is presented to me on the most vivid page of memory. I am forced to return, in order, if possible, to obliterate those impressions of my existence there and here.

Sir, would you believe me? I am disappointed, for I thought, being blessed with money here, that I would naturally draw influences around me that would waft me to higher realms of bliss. But, sir, I am mistaken. Why, sir, I had rather suffer the tortures of the damned than to have the knowledge indelibly imprinted upon my memory of my experiences in that horrid second sphere. Why, sir, it comes up before me like the heights of mountains, and they are just as invulnerable. Oh, how immovable they are! They seem to revolve like some ponderous wheel, and with as great a weight upon my spirit.

Please, sir, you won't drive me away from here, for I find, by coming back to earth and acknowledging my shortcomings, that I shall not have to suffer the tortures of that second sphere. [I am glad of it, and you are welcome here.]

You see, sir, I was a Spiritualist. I had a good home and plenty of money, but did not do as I should have done by those poor creatures you call Mediums. I thought because I had given them an occasional bite and a lodging, that I was doing a great work for the Spirit-world; but when I reached that sphere, I found that I had been living a false life, and I want this to reach several Spiritualists who are similarly situated, and warn them not to flatter themselves that, because they occasionally help Mediums, that will answer as a passport for them hereafter; for it will not. They must be practical, and utilize their Spiritualism while they are here, by going down into their pockets and helping those poor Mediums who are the means of bringing them light from the after life. Be charitable and free with your lucre here by supporting the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, whether it be through Mediums, lectures, meetings, or papers; for there are those here on earth who are blessed with the means, but which will prove a curse to them unless they dispense it with a liberal hand. Therefore, I say to them, Take warning, and be benefited by my experience, and thus avoid the fearful conflicts of that second sphere.

Now, sir, I feel happier than when I first came, and shall rest awhile here, and endeavor to do my best, not so much for the Mediums, as for those close-fisted people, who are as I was. Why is it sunrise? Why this light? [Because you feel better.] Thanks, thanks! Must I give my name? Anything to escape from the terrible condition I have been in, sir. I am Henry T. D'L.

Nov. 27.

M. AND O.

Oh, beloved friend, come with us and journey through the grand halls, and enter with us those chambers of knowledge infinite, and catch the rays of light as they fall through the corridors of that building not made with hands, and journey onward and upward with us to that grand elevation, at whose superb acme you will find enthroned Wisdom, Truth and Light, with Peace, Love and Joy. And this grandest of all trinities, the Body, the Spirit, the Soul, will receive you into the divine brother and sisterhood of that glorious realm, to which you already are treading your way—towards those worlds of life in the future. Journey on in the avenues which your weary feet have travelled so long, and so sure as the doves fly to their windows, seeking rest from their labors, just so sure shall your longings, your desires, and your aspirations, soar heaven-

ward, and bring back to you your desired result, made practically manifest in the perfected model which emanated from those realms of knowledge and light that so frequently descended upon you. Your labor has not been in vain, beloved one. We have watched you patiently, and with pleasure concede to you the priority of your universe, and its precedence to all others. Now, beloved one, believe us, we shall soon greet you, and with the same familiar greeting will we become embodied with the grand soul-purpose of rewarding you for your labors. We are yours, ever, and under all circumstances, and with the wisdom of silence like unto the owl, so remain we your faithful ones, M. and O.

To our friend, C. B. G., of Beth-Eden, so called from its pleasant associations and memories, near Beverly, N. J.

Nov. 27.

MINNIE P. RICH.

Would you please say that Minnie sends this to her dear father and mother, not forgetting her sister Alice. I would have them know that I am still their angel-child. Tell them it was me that assisted aunt Hallie, when she came over, and that she is now a bright Spirit, and I am teaching her the notes of joy, thus enabling her to sing the sweet anthem of peace.

I have seen my grandmas and grandpa, and I want my father to know that my grandpa Rich can hear now. He loved music when here, but could not hear well. He was deaf.

Dear father and mother, I have my notes of music, and I carry them with me in order that you may recognize the sweet refrains of angelic harmony as they float earthward to your dear hearts, filling you with ecstatic peace as you journey through your life here. I now have angels, bright angels, to sing to me, and with me, and I wish Mr. Knight to remember that I have never forgotten his kindness, and as his Spirit comes this way, I will sing to it those harmonious strains that will welcome his Spirit to seas of heavenly rest. And when my father and mother and sister Alice come, I will meet them, and welcome them home. Oh, the music and the flowers that I have surrounding me far surpass those of earth.

Well, I'll not trespass on your time any longer, but thank you for writing this for me to my father and mother.

MINNIE P. RICH.

Nov. 27.

HALLIE D. RICH.

Out of midnight darkness into the glorious noonday of light my Spirit emerged like a bird struggling to reach that unfoldment that would reveal the hidden good

that was lying dormant in my poor soul. I have paid the debt—worked out my own salvation—proved my own redeemer—and with love and good will return to earth to bless all, even my persecutors and defamers. I was not good, I know, and conditions and circumstances were such that I could scarcely account for myself. I will not revert to the past, but with feelings manifesting a Spirit's truest nature, in its holier and purer conditions, do I return to earth with thanksgiving, and would say that I am happy and a Spirit of light.

I was led out of darkness by the Child-angel, Minnie. With love and kindest feelings to all my friends send I these greetings. Good day, sir. I must go. I lived in Philadelphia.

HALLIE D. RICH.

Nov. 27.

JOE SMITH.

HALLO! How are you! How go things with you now, Johnny and Nellie? You see I have turned up again. I've kept my word, and got up out of that deep sleep, but not an Adventist sleep, though, by a long shot. I'm with you often, Johnny, and endeavoring to do all that I possibly can for you; but you know a fellow is kept down, sometimes, by conditions, as you are yourself, and can't do as much as he would like to. But I want you to bear in mind that I remember you. Thought I would step in this time to let you know I was around. Well, I guess I will go. I am from the West. I am Joe Smith, not the Mormon Joe, however.

Nov. 27.

BELLE.

WHAT is this that comes floating on the atmosphere, and seems to fill the room with waves of harmony? What are these strains I hear, that come from the land that is fairer than day? Oh, they are notes of joy, and they bid my Spirit be of good cheer. And as I return earthward, I find such harmonious strains pervading the atmosphere of the souls within this room, that I can approach with safety, and send this message to my friend Nellie, in Boston. I would say to her, Go on, and pursue the course you have so long been engaged in. I, Belle, who bring you the lily from the Valley of Peace, moistened with the dew of angelic love, ever kept fresh in memory's vase by the waters that are gathered from the rippling stream of Divine Affection, bid you go on. My Spirit goes out in gratitude to her for all she has done for my dear father, whom I still love and watch over, and in the darkest hour of his midnight I, his Angel-child, Belle, will watch over him.

